what's this flurry All throughout the house to-day? Everywhere a merry Something, too, 's the matter, matter, Out-of-doors, as well

Everybody winking, blinking, In a queer, mysterious way: What on earth can they be thinking. What on earth can be to pay! Bobby peeping o'er the stairway, Bursts into a little shout; Kitty, too, is in a fair way. Where she hides, to giggle out.

As the bell goes cling-a-ling-ing Every minute more and more, And swift feet go springing, springing, Through the hall-way to the door, Where a glimpse of box and packet, And a little rustle, rustle, Make such sight and sound and racket-

Such a jolly bustle, bustle-That he youngsters in their places, Hiding slying out of sight, All at once show shinging faces,

All at once scream with delight. Go and ask them what's the matter-What the fun outside and in

Hear them, hear them laugh and shout

All together hear them say,
"Why, what have you been about, then,
Not to know it's Christmas Day?" -Nora Perry, in St. Nicholas.



wood on his shoulders. With a crash he deposited his burden on the spacious

hearth, where a huge fire was already blazing, and began to pile on the long, dry sticks of beech and hickory until in a few moments a perfect sheet of flame was reoring up the wide-throated chim-Grandma Botsworth, who sat in her-

accustomed corner by the "jamb," with her knitting, made no reply, while Uncle Billy proceeded to remove his coat, hat and boots, and, having filled and lighted his pipe, sat down to enjoy himself. Outside a furious show storm was raging, and already the carth was heavily carpeted with white. Presently his two sons, Jacob and Milton, came in from doing up the chores, and like their father, were soon divested of caps, coats and boots, and seated before the rousing fire talking over the events of the day.

A little later Mrs. Botsworth joined

them, and then the family circle was complete. No. not complete, either; a daughter was missing. Three years ago this Christmas eve she had gone out from the parental roof to marry the man she loved, but whom her father had forbidden some time before to enter his doors. But Mary had gone: and she and her husband, a poor mechanic, went out West to build up for themselves a home and fortune. After they were married, a day or two before they were to start for Dakota, Mary and her husband drove to the old home, where she got out of the buggy and started to go into the house to say good-by. She did not ask nor expect forgiveness from her father for what she had done; but she knew her mother and her brothers still loved her. and would gladly have her come to see them. So she just had her hand on the latch, and, with tear filled eyes, was taking in the dear and familiar sur-roundings, when her father, coming round the corner of the house, saw her.
"Don't yer come in here." he yelled.

hoarsely. "Don't step your foot inside 'o that gate, Mary Ellen Botsworth. hoarsely. You're no darter o' mine. Take yer hatchet faced paint-slinger an' git."

For a moment she stood as if stunned at his words: then, without a word, turned and went to the buggy. Her husband helped her in, and then, standing up and shaking his whip at Uncle Billy, said: "Bill Botsworth, if you wasn't my wife's father, I'd thrash you till you couldn't walk for a week. You object to me for a son-in-law only because I am poor; but I'll see the day I can buy an' sell you 's if you was b ack,

Here Mary laid her hand on his arm and said, "Stop, Will; it won't help things any to quarrel; let's go." It was well that Will heeded her ad-vice, for old Uncle Billy had started for

the buggy with murder in his eye; and there is no telling what might have happened had not M Iton and Jacob at this juncture made their appearance

and urged him to be quiet.

So Mary went from home an outcast; and, as the buggy disappeared around the bend in the road, Milton turned to his father, and, with tears in his eyes,

said, reproachfully:

"Pap, you oughtenter have done it."

And Mrs. Botsworth, who had come to the door just in time to take in the

affair, echoed her son's words:

"No, pap, you was too hasty," she added. "Mary Ellen was allus a mighty good girl; an', though I'd ruther she'd not a married Will Kenney, yet I hope the Lord will prosper them both."

"You are right, mother," said Jacob, the elder of her sons "you are right.

the elder of her sons, "you are right, mother. 'Filsey' (the nickname the boys had bestowed upon Mary when she was a toddler) was the best girl in Indiany; kind an' lovin', an' a sister worth the havin'."

safed no reply, but turning, strode rap-

idly in the direction of the barn.

From that time on he had never spoken his daughter's name. And al-though he knew that mother and the boys got occasional letters from her, he never by sign or inquiry showed that he ever thought of her, or had the slightest interest in knowing whether she was dead or alive.

But on the Christmas eve that I have introduced him to your notice, he sat by the fire thinking: and his thoughts were of her. He had long ago admitted to himself that he was too hasty when drove his only daughter away from his nome; but he still remained silent. each family reunion, always held on Christmas day, he had missed her. And as the coming one was to be held at his house, and his brothers and sisters, with their families, would be there, he, with some bitterness of feeling, was brooding over the fact that, through no fault of his, he reasoned, the pleasures of the day would be marred. Every-body missed Mary; the children of his nephews and nieces would ask for her and talk about her, despite the admonitions they had received to the contrary. As he was busy with his thoughts, gazing the while moodily into the and now and then punching up the fore sticks in a spiteful sort of way, Grandma Botsworth suddenly spoke up and

"Tomorrer'll be another white Christmas. This makes two on 'em right hand Three years ago was a mighty mild winter, and we had a green Christmas that year.

Here the old lady paused and heaved s sigh. No one said anything and she continued: "I recolleck now there was more buryin's that year in the Bald Hill buryin' groun' than there has been since all put together."
"Yes," assented Mrs. Botsworth, re-

flectively, "a green Christmas allers makes a fat graveyard, they say, an' I never knowed it to fail."

"I reckon it'll be good sleighin' to-morrer," observed Uncle Billy, "an' all the folks'll come over in the bobs. Eh! what's that?"

The exclamation with which he concluded his remark was caused by the furious bark of old "Maje," the watchdog, the sound of voices in the front yard, and what seemed to be the cry of a

The two boys started for the front door, while the remainder of the family sat intently listening and wondering who could be their visitors. They had not long to wait; for a minute latter the sitting-room door was flung open and Jacob strode in, bearing in his arms a bright and lusty 2-year-old boy. Almost snatching the wraps from about it, and holding the little fellow up, he shouted: "Fap. look at your grandson; Filsey's come, an' this is her boy."
"The devi it is," roared Uncle Billy,

springing to his feet, with a face as black as a thundercloud. "Take him

away; I don't want ter see him."

"Hold on a minute," shouted a clear, strong voice in the doorway. It was the son-in-law who had spoken, and who stepped into the room, his figure erect and eyes blazing with anger. "Hold on a minute, I say," he continued; "I want a word, Bill Botsworth, I can buy and sell you. I am a rich man, but you don't have to own me fer a con-in-law on that account. As for me, I can get along without you. But Mary here wanted to come back and see her mother and all of you once more, and I said she shou'd: and, more than that, I said you should freat her and baby right, or Fd make you; and, by thunder, I'll do it: Understand me, I ask no favors for my isn't any excuse for your saying that self; but for this poor girl here, that you can't afford to give me a few dollars daughter were weeping in each other's embrace, and Grandma Botsworth, rising with difficulty from her seat, laid her hand oh her son's shoulder. "William," she said, "now's as good a time to give in as ye'll ever have. If Mary an' Will can afford to fergive you, I don't see how you can help fergiven them. Come now, son, do right."

For an instant he stood struggling with his passion, then love conquered. extending his hand to his son-in-law, he "Billy, I knock under; I've made said: a mistake an am sorry for it. Daughter, come here.

With a glad cry Mary put her arms around his neck and kissed him again

"There, there, child!" the old fel'ow murmured, in a voice husky with emo-

tion, "it's all forgot now, an-But he did not finish the sentence. And, while Mary was kissing grandma and all were silently crying for joy, he



began to hustle round and get on his boots to go out and "see about the horses." But, as Will and Mary had come to the station, only two miles dis-tant, by rail, and had there hired a man and team to bring them over, his ser-vices in this direction were not needed. He did, however, build up such a fire in the old fireplace as it had not seen for many a day, and, as they all sat around it, and talked until long after the stroke of tweive, it was, indeed, to them a happy Christmas.—Arkansaw Traveler,

# A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

It Was a Sad One and Cost a Brave En-

gineer His Life. We were coming up through Missouri on the afternoon before Christmas last year. It was terribly cold and bitter, and the snow lay deep on the tracks. There were dozens of men on the train with Christmas bundles, dozens of women with Christmas packages, and as the afternoon waned and we passed station after station the people dropped off one by one until only a dozen of us were left. Soon after leaving a small station we all not ced the singu ar action of the

speed would slow down to fifteen miles

n hour without apparent reason.

One of the passengers who lived in a town fifteen or twenty miles ahead of us, and who had a dozen or more parcels piled up on the seat, soon began to fret and fume.

"Isn't be going to get us there before midnight?" he growled as the train slowed up. Then, as the speed in-creased until we seemed to be flying, he midnight?" "He'll have us off the track! That en-

to hunt up the conductor:" When we had run ten or twelve miles in the manner descrited the conduc or came through our car on his way for-ward. He had an anxious look on his face, and did not stop to answer ques-tions. Before he was out of the couch,

gineer is surely drunk! Some one ought

however, there was a terrific crash. It was God's mercy that every man and woman was not killed outright, but, strangely enough, none of the passen-gers were even badly bruised When we had extricated ourselves from the wreck we went forwa d to the engine. It was off the track, on its lack, and under the broken wheels and twisted and bert machinery lay the eng.neer and fireman, both dead.

Some one crept into the broken window of the cab to shut off the steam, and when he reappeared he had a package with the engineer's name on it. Inside was a toy horse, three or four wooden soldiers, a whi-tle, and other childish playthings. He, as well as others, had ome one who was eagerly expecting Santa Claus.

We had run into the rear of a freight train which was taking a siding to let us pass. We were just fifty seconds on her time. As the trainmen gathered to res cue the bodies from the wreck one of them took a paper from the dead engineer's hand. It was a telegram rece ved at the last station and read: "Fred was burned to death this noon!

Mary."

Then we accounted for the wild run ning of the train-for what had before been a mystery. There was the Santa Claus gifts for the dear boy at home; there was the telegram blasting all hopes-destroying all visions of happiness -shattering in one moment a thou sand plans for the future. And men gathered closer and wiped away tears and whispered:

"And who now can comfort the mother'ess widow! What a Chri-tmas the morrow will bring her!"

#### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Mr. Breezy Gets Just the Sweetest, Nices Present in the World.



HO wou'd think lit!" said Mrs. Breezy, taking up a piece of fancy work and sitting comfortably in her rocking chair. "It is only a few weeks to Christmas."

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Breezy, deep in h's news Yes, on'va few

weeks," said Mrs. B:eezv. "The time will fly away before we, know its thought of presents. Phave so many to make, too. Now you are elected, I suppose you won't grumble, as you usually

do at this season of the year. There self: but for this poor girl here, that you can't affert to give me a few dollars still loves you, but who wants to come for presents this year. It's high time home only for a little while, I will speak had a little money to commence with, for, and fight for too if necessary."

Too Suppose you let me have a fieck too while he was talking, nother and too a hundred dollars in the morning. ""A check for what?" asked Mr. Breezy,

looking up suddenly...
"Only a hundred dollars to start with,"

sa'd Mrs. Breezy, putting her thread a little through her work. "A hundred dollars to start with?"

ejaculated Mr. Breezy. "Start what?"
"That's all the attention you ever pay
to anything I say," said Mrs. Breezy. I suppose you haven't heard a word I've been saying. Do put down that ever asting newspaper and pay a little attention to your wife for once in your life. I say you may give me a check for in the morning for Christmas". "You just said a hundred," said Mr.

Breezy. "I knew you'd notice that," said Mrs. Breezy. "I know I said a hundred a moment ago, but I've changed my mind. The fact is. I should really have two

hundred dollars"-"My dear, if you keep raising the limit at this rate I sha'l have to draw out of

"I don't understand your horrid gam-bling terms, and I wish you would con-fine yourself to respectable language," said Mrs Breezy, fumbling around in her work-basket for a particular shade of silk. "Two hundred and fifty dollars wou'dn't be any too much for"-

the game

"I call," cried Mr. Breezy.
"There you go again," said Mrs.
reezy. "For heaven's sake drop on— Breezy. "For heaven's sake grop on stop that slang. You know you can well afford to give me a few hundred the street of the same of the street of the same of the man who has met with the luck you have this year in politics should not kick—object to giving his wife a little Christmas money. You wouldn't think anything of spending three or four hun-dred dollars on vile liquors and cigars for your—your constituents, as you call , but when your wife asks you for half that sum-

"Suppose we return to the original estimates and call it an even hundred?" said Mr. Breezy, pulling out his check-

book. "Do you suppose I can get along with a miserable hundred dollars?" cried Mrs. Breezy. "Why, your present alone will cost nearly that. Yes. I expected to give you a real handsome present this year, but if you are going to be so stingy, of course you will have to take what I can afford to give you. Then think of the children, and of dear mother, and of grandmamma, and my dear sister-in-law, to say nothing of brother Jack and cousin Harry and your own mother. You don't wan't me

of orget your own mother—"
"You hold over me," said Mr. Breezy.
"Scoop the pot." and he threw down a check "Fill her out to sult yourself." "Do you really mean it?" asked Mrs. Breezy.

"Well, you shall have just the sweet est, nicest present in the world." Mrs Breezy gave her husband a tre-mendous kiss upon the lips, and flitted

out of the room with the check.
"The first time in this year," gasped As for Uncle Billy, seeing his whole train. For a mile or two we would be handly up in arms against him, he vouch-hauled along like lightning and then the

#### STATE AFFAIRS

And Capital City News of State Interest

One of the City Schools.

The closing scene of the Clay School Dramatic company was enacted with appropriate ceremonies. The proceeds of the Kentucky Valley entertainment given by the eighth grade last spring having been expended for a medal to be banded down to the eighth grades of the future, the committee of the old class, now in high school, was present to present the medal to the new president of the Gladstonian society (this society having held the honors at the close of last term.) Miss Margaret Goodrich, in a carefully prepared speech, handed the prize to the Gladstonian presiding officer, who responded in an equally enthusiastic manner. The Websterians at this time holding the highest honors, it became her duty in turn to present it to the president of this society, who accepted it with be-coming modesty. The name of the school and the ennobling motto "Hold fast that which is good," are inscribed upon the beautiful memento which the class has le't behind as an inspiration to those that may follow.

Miss Woods has added to the re mainder of the funds a sufficient amount to purchase the "Britanica Cyclopedia," which will be placed in the school library. Several of the other grades are interested in leaving something in their rooms as a record of their work, and are planning to hang upon the walls pictures of the poets in honor of whom their societies are named.

Kansas Medical College.

The Kansas Medical college is a young institution, but it promises to make Topeka the medical ceuter of the state.

When it was opened last year its founders had some misgivings concerning its success, but the short career of the school has demonstrated that the experiment was timely. It is the only institution of its kind in the state, and is securing the support of the medical fraternity throughout the state.

The present quarters of the college are too small and steps are being taken

to put up a college building. The president, Dr. Minney, said: "We find that we haven't room enough in the present building, and it is probable that next year we will try to put up a college building of our own. We thought when we founded the school that if it received a support to justify it we would build as soon as possible, and we are very well satisfied with the results of the school. We have twice as many matriculants as last year, and I find the interest in the college growing stronger every day. The Kansas Medical college is here to stay, and will de much good for Kansas and Topekas" ....

Y. M. C. A. Finances. The Topeka Y. M. C. A. board of directors had a meeting to see what could be done towards closing the year

out of debt. The report of the rallroad depart. ment showed that it would take just \$118 to carry that department through out of debt.

General Secretary Holmes received in his mail a letter from First Vice President J. W. Rinehart of the Santa Fe, containing his personal check for \$100, to be used in defraying the expenses of the railroad department.

The men themselves soon raised the remaining \$18 and are now out of debt

partment needs will be known in a few days, when the committee of managers for next year meet.

The association has the general good will of more people now than at any time for several years, and next year is expected to be an important one in its history.

## Work at the Dam.

Work at the dam is going steadily The third coffer, in which the stone is now being laid, is eighty feet long, and the bottom is reached twelve feet below water level.

As the construction progresses across the river the solid rock is farther down and the coffers will naturally have to be deeper and of broader base. At the north end the masonry will be thirty feet wide and twenty-five feet below water.

The weather at present is very favorable for the work, and it is being pushed as fast as possible. Nothing short of eight or ten degrees below zero, however, will stop the work, and even then it could probably be continued by heating water, as the stone work on the lower part of the coffers is so far underground as to be much warmer than the air above.

Attorney General Ives has received the mandate of the United States supreme court in the case against the Pullman Car Company and it was filed in the circuit court. This victory for Kansas will bring to the state treasury about \$100,000 in back taxes, which will be collected at once.

The Kansas Master Plumbers' association, an organization eight years old, which included in its membership every plumber in the state that could pass examination, has disbanded and surrendered its charter. The reason given for the move is that the associa tion had accomplished the object for which it was formed.

The Kansas Alliance Co-operative Mortgage association filed its charter, for the purpose of obtaining and loaning money on farm securities at the lowest actual cost on a co-operative plan and to buy and sell and exchange real estate. Capital stock, \$1,000,000. Directors: P. B. Maxon, Emporia; Frank McGrath, Beloit; O. S. Hiatt, Fairmount; Hiram Baughman, Burton; W. S. Hanna, Ottawa; J. M. Neville, Garnett, and J. McNaughton, Reno. The principal office is to be in Topeka.

A bill of divorce—paying the alimony.

There is a new book entitled "How to Keep Dogs in a City." A fortune awaits the author who will tell how to keep cats out of

"How do you know Jimson is crazy?"
"He's talking out of his head." "That is a
good sign. He usually talks only out of his
mouth."

Goelin: Aw, I have a vewy bad heads this mawning, doncher know? Cuspid (a dantist, absent-mindedly) Why don't you

In Aria people throw themselves under the wheels of Movech. In America we ride at the rate of sixty miles an hour alongside of a red-hot stove.

"I think she is a two-faced creature," said one of the girls indignantly. "Oh, no," re-turned Miss t ordial. "If she had two faces she would never use this one."

Bread is the staff of life and pie is the stumbling block.

Somebody says that poets are declining. This may be to, but you had better not ask a poet what he will take on the strength of it.

It is said that in Philadelphia, when a comedian gets off a good thing, the curtain often "drops" before the audience does. "Do you believe that monkeys talk?" "No, they chatter." "But they seem to understand each other." "Oh, well! What of it?

There is talk of forming a yacht club up in Canada of New Yorkers. There should be no difficulty in doing so. There are plenty of "skippers" up there.

Punsby: The vital flavor of wit is its entire unexpectedness. Now... Criticus: Then, by that test, what a wit you must have. For I am sure nobody expects it.

Wives of great men oft remind us
We should pick our wives with care;
So we may not leave behind us
Half our natural crop of hair.

Safe.—Hattie Heartbroke: I never want to see another man so long as I live. Flora Flyrt: But how are you going to avoid meeting them? Hattie Heartbroke: Well, to begin, I'm going to spend the summer at

"I hear that water sold at 25 cents a glass in the newly opened lands of Oklahoma. Is it so?" "Quite likely," replied the returned boomer. "I don't know, though. I didn't have time to wash while I was there."

A Shocked Expert,

Expert (engaged in examining the accounts of the late Bustall Bank): I nearly fainted with surprise to-day. Never received

Ininted with surprise to day. Never received such a shock in my life.

Depositor (tremulously): What was it?

Expert: Some of the stock on which the bank officers loaned money to themselves was good.—New York Weekly.

# THE

# $\mathbf{WAY}_{\mathtt{100}}$

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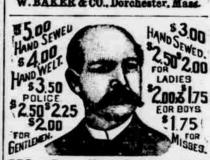


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